

The Perishers

"Morning Pages"

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Our nest egg may be rotten
And all our dreams forgotten
But I am not down-trodden
I'm a floatin'

And you might say I'm a driftin'
Just a sifter out siftin'
But the point is listenin'
On the way

And now my bow is a listin'
There's no oil in my piston
And the shot I fire is missin'
From my gun

It's a lie
It's a lie
It's a lie that you gotta be the big man
The big man in this world

It's a lie
Oh it's a lie
It's a lie that you gotta be the big man
The big man in this world

And now our nest egg's rotten
But our love is not forgotten
And I am not a down-trodden
I'm a floatin'

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